

Saint BERNARD's VISION:

Or, A brief Discourse, Dialogue-wise, between the Soul and Body of a Damned Man, newly deceased, laying the Faults one upon the other. To which is added, A Speech of the Devil's in Hell, &c. To the Tune of, Flying Fame, &c. Licensed according to Order.



The Writer speaketh.

As I lay dumblyng in my bed one night,
A fearful vision did me soo affright,
Methought I saw a soul departed late,
By it the body in a poore estate.
Wailing with sighs, the soul aloud did cry,
Upon the body in the coffin by :
And thus the soul to it did make her man,
With grieved lobs, and many a bitter groan.

The Soul speaketh.

O sinfull flesh, which now so lowd doth lie,
Whom yesterday the world esteem'd so high,
It was but yesterday the world was thine,
The sun is set which yesterday did shine.
Where is thy train that did attend on thee ?
Where is thy mirth, where is thy jollity ?
Where are thy sumptuous buildings & thy treasure ?
Thy pleasant walks wherein thou tookest pleasure.
Gone is thy train, thy mirth to mourning turn'd,
Thou in a coffin, in a shryne art burnd :
For thy rich cloathys thou hast a winding-sheet,
Thy high-built roos now with thy mouth doth meet.
But I poor soul was fram'd a noble creature,
In likeuless to my God, of heavenly feature,
But by thy sin while we on earth abide,
I am made souler then a loathlym toad.
O wretched flesh with me that art so loyn,
That well may wish thou never hadst been born :
Thou wouldest never to any one agree,
For which we evermore shall damned be.
I am and must for ever be in pain,
No tongue can tell the tormentys I sustain,
But thou and I we must descend to hell,
Where we in syring flames must ever dwelle.

I was thy pride, deceit, and luxury,
Hath brought these tormentys both on me and thee,
Thy wif, thy chldren, friends whom thou didst trust
Do loath thy carcass lying in the dust.

The book of God, which is both true and sure,
Witness at large what sinners shall endure ;
Thou that within the bed of earth art laid,
Arise, and answer to the words I said.

The Body speaketh.

I know thee well, my soul, which from me fled,
Which left my body senseless, cold, and dead,
Cease thou to say the fault was all in me,
When I will prove the fault was most in thee :
Thou say'ft that I have led thee oft astray,
And from well-doing drawn thee quite away :
But if the flesh the spirit's power can move,
The fault is thine as I will plainly prove.
God you do know created you most fair,
And of celestial knowledge gave you share :
I was your servant, fram'd of earth and clay,
You to command, and I for to obey.

'Twas in your power for to restrain my will,
And not to let me do these things were ill :
The body's works are from the soul debised,
And by the soul the body should be guided.

The body of itself no ill hath known,
If I did what thou didst, the guiltes thine own,
For without thee, the body resteth dead,
The soul commands, it rests upon the head.

So to conclude, thy guilt exceedeth mine,
O how the wormys do tare me in my shryne ;
And therfore fare thee well, poor sinfull soul,
Thy trespasses pass thine, though they are foul.

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The Soul speaketh.

Most wretched flesh which in the time of life,
Was foolish, idle, vain, and full of strife :
Though of thy substance thou did speak to me,
I do confess I should have bridled thee.
But thou through love of pleasure foul and ill,
Still me resisted, and would have thy will :
When I would thee, O body, have controll'd,
Straight the world's vanities did me withhold.
So thou of me didst gain the upper-hand,
In thralling me in worldly pleasures band :
That thou and I eternall shall be drown'd
In hell, when glorious saints in heaven are crown'd.
But flattering fancy did thy mind so please,
Thou never thought'st to dye till death did cease :
This was thy fault, and cursed was our fate,
Which we repent, but now, alas, too late.

The Body speaketh.

O now I weep, being scourg'd with mine own rod,
We both stand guilty 'fore the face of God :
Both are in fault, and yet not equally,
The greatest burthen, soul, on thee doth lye.
No wit is mean, but this for truth it knows,
That where most gifts of vertue God bestows,
There is most due, and ought repayed be,
And unto this there's none but will agree.
But foolishly thou yieldest unto me,
And to my base desires didst soon agree :
But, oh ! I knew not at the latter hour,
But thou and I shall find a death most sure.
I greatly fear an everlasting fire :
Yet one thing more I do of thee desire,
Hast thou been yet among the fiends of hell,
Is no hopes left that we with Christ may dwell.

False flesh remember Dives was denay'd,
When for one drop of water he so pray'd :
Thy question, senseless body, wanleth reason,
Redemption now is hopeless, out of season :
Wile body go, and rot in bed of clay,
Until the great and general judgement-day ;
Then shalt thou rise, and be with me condemn'd,
To hell's hot lake for ever without end.

So fare thee well, I will no longer stay,
Hark how the fiends of hell call me away :
The loss of heavenly joys tormenteth me,
More then all torturis that in hell can be.

The Devil speaketh.

Ho, are you come, whom we expected long ?
Now we will make you sing another song :
Howling and yelling still shall be your note,
And moulted lead be poured down your throat.
Such horror we do on our servants' load,
Now thou art worse then is the crawling toad :
Ten thousand torments thou shalt now abide,
When thou in flaming sulphre shalt be fry'd.
Thou art a soldierr of our camp enroul'd,
Never henceforth shalt thou the light behold :
The pains prepar'd for thee no tongue can tell,
Welcome, O welcome, to the pit of hell.

The Wytter speaketh.

At this the groaning soul did weep most sore,
And then the fiends with joy did laugh and roar :
Those devils did seem more black then pitch or night,
Whose horrid shapes did sorely me affright.
Sharp steeled forkes each in their hands did bear,
Tuske their teeth like crooked mattocks were,
Fire and brimstone then they breathed out,
And from their nostrills snakes crawl'd all about.
Foul slithy horns on their black brows they wore,
Their nails were like the tusches of a boar :
Those hellish fiends fast bound this wretched soul,
And drag'd him in, who groebously did howl.
Then straight methought appeared in my sight,
A beautious young man cloathed all in white :
His face did shine most glorious to behold,
Wings like the rain-bow, and his hair like gold.
With a sweet voice, All hail, all hail, quoth he,
Arise and write what here thou now dost see :
Most heavenly musick seemed then to play,
And in a cloud he vanish't quite away.
Awaking straight, I took my pen in hand,
To write those lines the young man did command,
And so abrood into the world it sent,
That each good chrisian may in time repent.
Then let us fear the Lord both night and day,
Preserue our souls and bodies we thee pray :
God grant we may so run this mortal race,
That we in heaven may have a resting-place.
Preserue the King, the Queen, and Princesse,
The Clergy, Counsel, and Nobility,
Preserue our souls and bodies I thee pray,
Amen, with me, let all good Christians say.